CONCLUSION.

AT THE SHORE. "Nothing's the matter," answered the girl.

She walked to the high shelf where the lamps stood. She lighted one with a steady hand, not trying to shield her face from its rays.

"I s'pose you'n' Ezry have been quarrelling;" remarked Wealthy comfortably. "Now, you'll an acquaintance with perfect calmness and suc have the fun of making up. Have you set the

"I guess the Beals house'll be taken by some other couple, then," chuckling with amusement.

"I guess 'twill." Cynthia went to the stairway door. She opened

it, and with it in her hand, paused to ask: "Are the Emersons going to tell those to-mor row, as they calculated?"

Yes. Lucy was over again to-night to if you wouldn't go with 'um. I told her I believed you'd made up your mind to stay to home

"I sh'll go. I'll run round early 'n' tell 'um." The chamber-way door shut, and Cynthia was climbing the stairs.

"Gracious!" cried Wealthy again. "They must have had a reg'lar spat. Ezry was set that Cynthy shouldn't go to the Shore; and now she's goin'. I'll bet she never'll have him, after all."

"Then, she'll be a dumb, foolish girl, is what I say," remarked Ephraim. "There ain't a more likely young man in all Stairs than Ezry Cone." 'Tain't always the likely men that girls take a notion to," was the response

"That's because girls is fools," replied Ephraim, with emphasis.

Up in the little room, with its slanting ceiling, under the low roof, Cynthia was standing in

front of the looking glass. She had both arms raised, and was braiding her hair. But her face was too stern and set to be in keeping with her occupation. Nevertheshe was very careful, and if a strand of hair did not go smoothly, it was taken out and patiently done over again.

At last, when the work was complete, she stood looking absently at herseif.

"I meant to have set the day," she said aloud, "I meant to have set it. Now, 'twon't never He done it himself. Yes, he's got himself to thank for it; and I won't be the first to try to make up; no, not the longest day I live.

The next morning a thick east fog enveloped the village. The roll of the incoming waves, six miles away, sounded like some deep undertone to By 6 o'clock Cynthia had started to tell Lucy

Emerson that she would go to the Shore, after all. The fog was so thick that she could not see the house that stood a quarter of a mile from But she heard the sounds of talk from that

house, and steps hurrying to the barn. She knew the old covered wagon had been run out; she beard the shafts fall rattling to the ground in the

Things did not look as gloomy to the girl as they had done the night before. She was greeted with a voluble burst of welcome by Lucy, who begged her to stay and help put the things in

"It's just a regular Shore day, and no mistake!" exclaimed Cynthia joyously. "I like to smell the salt in the air, don't you? How strong it will be on the breakwater!"

It was not to one of the ornamented cottages that stood in a long row, following the curve of the stony beach, that the Emersons were going. Their place was a little one-roomed house of rough boards, with a stovepipe running out at a window. It stood close under a hill and looked off across a stretch of water, and over an interesting point of rocks, on which stood a summer hotel. As the horse turned into the road that led over the Pond bridge, Lucy cried out: "There's Minot's! Don't it look natural?"

But Cynthia did not say anything. She drew a long breath. She thought of Ezra Cone in the hot shoe factory in Stairs. She said again to

"He done it himself."

Then she threw off the memory of young Cone. The air was strong and salt. It blew from the ter and made the waves of the rising tide come against the shore with resonant blows. It was almost time for the coot shooting, when the summer aspect of the coast and the water would he altogether gone. The two girls quickly sauntered out, leaving the

water to heat on the kerosene stove, "against they should want it," as Lucy said. They walked along by the very edge of the wa-

ter, picking up sprays of Irish moss, which the wind brings in.

"It's funny," said Lucy, "but I thought I saw somebody as we came over the bridge that I

"Oh, we sh'll see lots of folks we know," answered Cynthia, shaking the sand from a large bunch of moss. "Cynthy, do you remember that feller that we

used to buy lobsters of last year?" Cynthia turned away to examine something

among the pebbles. She was greatly surprised to feel herself blushing. Yes, I believe I kind of remember him," she

said in an uninterested way. "Why?" "Nothing, only I'm almost sure I saw him on the bridge. Mebby he's gunning down here. He had a way of looking at you sort of odd. And he has a lovely mustache. It curled up just beautiful at the ends. I s'pose you didn't notice him much, 'cause you're engaged. Oh, have you set the day, Cynthy?"

"No, I haven't." "I hope you won't be offended 'cause I asked You know Ezry's mother's told all round that you was going to set the day for October some time, and you was going to have the house the Bealses moved out of."

Lucy gianced at her companion, but could not see her face. She went on-"I s'pose Ezry was finally willing you should come to the shore, wasn't he? He did talk against it one time."

"I guess he won't care." Cynthia tried to speak in her usual way. She had an impulse to tell Lucy that Ezry didn't even know she was at the shore, that it was all over

between them. But she did not. Well, I must say I'm surprised if he changed even by walking. his mind," remarked Lucy, "He's one of them kind that never do change their minds, I thought. I'd know's I want one of them kind, though it might be nice sometimes. You could rely on um, atically lazy. I expect. Is he coming to the shore while you're

"I don't believe he will." "I know they're real hurried at the shop now.

I heard they had three orders to fill 's quick 's "Yes, they have. Ezry's real busy," responded

The two walked on. When they came near the Black Rock House they sat down on the rocks

which are piled up here, and began to assort their collection of mosses,

"I declare!" suddenly exclaimed Lucy. She touched her companion's arm strongly. "Ain't it funny? There's that feller I saw on the bridge; and 'tis the lobster man! Oh, he's lift-

ing his hat to us as true as you live!" Lucy could not say any more, for the subject of her remarks was now too near.

clothes . He hesitated in his slow walk as he raised his hat. He looked directly at Cynthia, who, after the first quick glance, turned her eyes

There was a heightened color in her face, a consciousness in her manner that did not escape

When he had gone by Lucy turned to look

ONE OF WEALTHY'S HUSBANDS | don't look so young with his hat off, does he, Cyn-

"I didn't exactly notice," was the reply "I s'pose I shouldn't have noticed if I'd been engaged, as you are," said Lucy. "But he's real handsome, if he is bald, and he looked as if he knew you, Cynthy. You ain't acquainted with

"I didn't see how you could be, of course." On the second day this man was on speaking erms with the two girls He came to the house with fish for Mrs. Emerson, and then be assumed cess. In truth there is not much ceremony in shanty life at the shore.

"Oh. no "

Mr Thompson, he said his name was Thomp son, either owned or hired a small sail boat. He lived in a bit of a cooting but, which belonged to ome one in Cobasset village. He used to joke about his housekeeping. He boasted that he could make the best chowder of any man or woman on the Massachusetts shore. He said he was going to ask the ladies over to his residence like to take a sail to Minot's some day? When the wind was just right? Or anywhere else along the coast? It made no difference where to

three women, but his eyes had a trick of always seeking those of Cynthia, until the girl came to heart teat so all the time. Life did not seem at watch for his glance and to be uneasy if it did all what it had been. not come. Peculiar eyes they were, hazel, with a certain commanding fire in them, and the right eye was spotted. The first time Cynthia looked full at them she was conscious of a vague repulsion; but she soon forgot that feeling, or only wondered that she had ever felt it.

On the third day, as Mrs. Emerson remarked, it seemed exactly as if they had known Mr. Thompson always. He was just about like our

had many little stories to tell. They were never long stories, so that one became bored. Notwith standing his bald head he seemed to have a great flow of animal spirits; and he was more attentive

Ezra Cone walked up the path that led to the show how white and set his face was

that he would rather die than feel there was anything between him and Cynthia. He knew he had been wrong that evening in the pasture. He was willing to own it. It was of no use going on like this He could not bear it.

Another thing he was resolved to do. e could persuade Cynthia to go and live there with him in October. He could not give that up. As he went along the path he saw a woman tak ing wood from the pile. His pulses gave a bound, but it was Wealthy's voice which asked:

Won't you come right in?" "No, I won't stop. Is Cynthy in the house?"
"Cynthy? Mercy! Didn't you know she's

seen to the shore since Monday morning?" Wealthy spoke with an enjoyment of her words. No, I didn't know it," stiffly. The rush of tender feeling which the young man

had experienced as he walked here flowed back upon his heart with a stiffing power. He turned to go. He would not ask any ques

word from um, but of course they're all right," said Wealthy, as Ezra went back down the path.

the Emerson shanty. He had understood that she was not going. He did not quite approve of the Emersons. They were too easy. They did not But Cynthia had gone. And she had not told him. She did not care for him, after all. She could not care for him and do like this.

Ezra Cone walked faster and faster until, when he reached the pasture, he ran, stumbling upon stones and into holes. When he had been tripped up and had fallen he stopped suddenly.

He had suffered a good deal, first and last.

about Cynthia Day, but never like this. This was rending him. And he could not wreak his his agony in words or actions as some demon-

He moved about blindly among the birches, all his thoughts and sensations merged into the one resolution: he must see her again; he must with his longing to see her. He wanted to start and walk down to the shore. He even hurried out toward the main road for a few rods. Then he stopped and tried to reason with himself. He was alarmed. He seemed contending with a stranger, so little did he know himself in this mood. He wondered if he were becoming insane, if he were acting out of his wn character.

After a time Cone went home. He walked very softly, and he succeeded in going upstairs to his own room without hearing his mother speak to him. He hoped that no human being would atter a word to him that night.

He was up before eight the next merning. He told his mother he had a headache, and he thought he "would try and walk it off."

She made him drink some coffee before he While he sat at the table she said she had heard that Cynthy Day had gone to

the shore with "them Emersons," I know it," replied Ezra.

"But I thought you said she wasn't going?" "So I did. But she changed her mind."

Ezra spoke with stolid calmness. Mrs. Cone sniffed. She was sure something was wrong, but she did not dare ask what it

"P'raps I shan't be to home to dinner," he said, rising.

"You ain't going away, are you?"

"But I thought you was hurried to the shop?"

" We are."

He was already dressed in his best suit. He took his hat and left the house.

He did not wish to get a horse and carriage, for in that case he should get to the shore too early. He would walk. The sun had only just risen. He could not remain quiet long enough to wait until it should be time to drive down. He started along the solitary road at a great gait. At this rate he would get there too soon,

After a couple of miles he sat down on a wall beneath an oak tree. People in shanties at the shore did not rise very early. They were system-But on this morning the inhabitants of the

Emerson shanty had risen betimes. This was the day on which they were invited to go to dinner with Mr. Thompson. They were to start at 8 o'clock and take a sail

over to Minot's first. The cooting shanty was on a ledge of rocks Cynthia, now able to command her voice and about a quarter of a mile from the shore. stood there alone, a little weather-beaten hut in the midst of the waves.

Cynthia thought it would be a grand thing to go there. It was quite out of the common.

There was a kind of excitement upon the girl all the time. She knew very well that it was her presence and hers alone which called Mr. Thompson so constantly to the shanty. This knowledge, and a certain triumph in the knowledge, had its power over every moment.

In these few days the man had made himself as an old acquaintance, but with the novelty and The man was dressed in a cheap suit of light mystery that are often associated with a stranger. her; "I couldn't forget you, I shouldn't have come round to these parts again if it hadn't been that I was bound to find you."

Was that true? Even while the girl wondered if it could be true, she grew red with pleasure, and shrank a little from his gaze. She felt sure they were bold eyes. They were not like Ezry's.



is Superior to All Other Leavening Agents

the shore a long time, and that she was a different girl from the one whom Ezry had asked to set the day.

How angry he had been! She again thrust the thought of him out of her mind. It was comparatively easy to do that. She could not think of anything clearly now. Her

"There ain't hardly a speck of wind," said Mrs. Emerson. "I don't see how you're ever going to

git over to Minot's."

"Mr. Thompson says there'll a wind breeze up fore long," remarked Cynthia.

"But if there ain't any wind he's going to row us over to the ledge, and we'll have the chowder just the same. He says there'll be other days for Minot's."

The prophesied wind did not "breeze up." It was useless to start for the lighthouse.

Thompson knew it, but he hissisted on starting. He said they could make some headway, and he was positive about the coming breeze.

Mrs. Emerson said she would not go. Nothing made her so sick as "jest swinging round on the

She said the two girls might go, and come and get her for the chowder when they got ready.

It was while Thompson and Cynthia steed on the heach by the hoat waiting for Lacy to return from some errand back to the shanty that Ezra Cone came walking up to the breakwater and looked down to the waters edge.

He saw Cynthia, now sitting in the stern of the hoat, and a man in a bine flamed shirt, with trousers tucked into high rubber bouts was standing close to her and bending over her with that indescribable air which denetes devotion.

Cynthia was looking up at him, and Ezra could see her face very plainly. The sight of her face smote him. Something he had always suspected, something he had always indefinitely dreaded now took shape—what an evil shape it seemed!

Cone placed his brown, sweaty hand on the planks of the breakwater and leaned heavily upon it. She said the two girls might go, and come and get

Cynthin's eyes saw the figure of a man up there. Her glance glided off Thompson's face to that figure. She rose quickly. She put out one hand as if to ward off something.

"Exry!" she cried, shrilly. Thompson wheeled round and looked also.

"So that is 'Ezry?" he said, with a sneer. "I wondered when Ezry would turn up. And here he is:"

he is."

Then, with a sudden change of manner, he seized Cynthia's hand and whispered ardently:

"Don't my he is anything to you! Don't!"

Int Cynthia drew away from him. She was looking up at the breakwater. She stepped out of the bent and began to walk up the pebbly slope of the bench.

Thompson, after an instant's hesitation, flung down the ear on which he had been leaning and followed at a short dictance, swaggering somewhat, having a very unpleasant look on his face.

His eyes dwelt upon Cynthia, then he glanced ith suppressed fury at the man by the break-

As for Ezra, he did not now notice the man in the least. He was gazing at the woman with that gaze that absorbs everything else. He did not think he could endure to have her speak to him. And yet he could not turn

speak to him. And yet he come has away.

She came straight to him. Her face was perfectly white, and her eyes so brilliant they were dazzling; and yet they were soft.

She put her hand strongly on his hand that rested on the breakwater.

"Exry," she said, "I will marry you in October. The first day, You may engage the Beals' house."

The young man drew back.

"Good Gol!" he cried, chokingly. "Do yso, mean it? Do you love me?"

She came pearer him.

"Oh, yes, I mean it," she answered. "And I love you."

love you."
Ezra stared. He was bewildered.
"But," he began, "I saw you looking at that an-you looked as if—"
"Oh, don't!" interrupted the girl, hanging

lanced again.
"By George!" he almost shouted,

Thompson, who was turning away, paused of glared back.

Lucy Emerson came from the shanty. Seeing the group she turned from the box people. She told herself that she

Cone looked at Lucy and her monac, and then went on:

"This feller's Thompson Darte. I've seen him three years ago, though he didn't notice me. He belongs to Wealthy. I guess Ephraim will have to give Wealthy up. You wa'n't very smart to come round here, Darte."

Mrs. Emerson threw up her hands.

"Is the one Wealthy lost?" she fisked, with

gusto
"Yes, he is, the very one."
"The devil!" eried Wealthy's husband; "I
didn't know she lived in these parts."
He turned and walked down to his boat. He
got into it and began to row toward the ledge.
"I wish you'd take me home," whispered
Cynthia to Ezra. "lie's a very strange may
He kind of frightened me, and he kind of
fascinated me. How horrid that he's the one
Wealthy lost!" MARIA LOUISA POOL."

NOT BANCHOFT'S VERSION.

From The Detroit Tribune.

It was on September 9 that John Smith, of Virginia, narrowly escaped death through the presence of mind of Porahonias. Smith had long whiskers and a blond pompadour, which were poveities in Virginia at that time, and Pocahenias was impressed.

She decided on a coup.

Hurriedly approaching the spot where Smith was about to be pulverized with a club, she uttered an exchangillon of suruske. From The Detroit Tribune.

exclanation of surprise.

"Why, smithy" she cried, "where have you been all this time?" Turning to her father, who stood near, she smiled plearantly. "Papa, Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith papa," she vivaciously remarked. "I met Mr. Smith at the seaside, papa. And how is your dear mother, Mr. Smith Mr. Smith
The ruse was successful. In time Smith married
Pocahentas, which was better than being killed.

From The St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Cantain Mason Chapman said yesterday: "It is an old saying that 'rats desect a sinking skip,' but it is a most saying that 'rats desect a sinking skip,' but it is a most singular fact that they do not wait until a boat or barge is sinking until they desert it. They appear to be apprised of the danger several hours before any accident occurs to the vessel, One case that came under my observation was when I was piloting a towbeat in the Lower Misstscippi. We were coming up stream late one evening when I noticed a horde of rats coming off one of the larges we had in tow. I told some of the members of the crew that we would have bad luck. We went ahead, and just before daylight the barge from which the tals had field struck a rock and sunk. No damage was denoted any other part of the skipping. The same phenomenon occurred just before the fatal fire of the steamer Oliver Beirne. On the last day of the boat's career, about two hours before the fire, a drove of rats were seen to ran astern over the lower deck and jump overboard."

A FASUIONABLE PIGEON POST.

From The Boston Sunday Herald.

Says a London newspaper: "Two or three young ladies, who live in a suburh of London, have started a carrier pigeon post among themselves. They have each a couple of birds, and send notes to each other irrespective of the post or telegraph offices. In this way, they can arrange impropriate to parties, etc., without any trouble, promptu tea parties, etc., without any trouble, and the start in the face! Will girls over here begin the carrier rigeon business right off, as soon as threy learn the face! Will girls over here begin the carrier pigeons but that its so momentous Buttons need not prepare to retire yet, and that is, carrier pigeons only fly to their homes, and as everyhody cannot keep carrier bigeons as easily as they can postage stamps, it pigeons as easily as they can postage stamps, it may be some time yet before this remainte means A FASHIONABLE PIGEON POST.

SIX NATIONS RESERVE.

THE GREEN-CORN FESTIVAL

GEREMONIES THAT TOOK PLACE AT THE ONON-DAGA COUNCIL HOUSE.

Brantford, Ont., Sept. 15.-The Onondaga Long House is situated far toward the lower end of the in bare and box-like severity of outline, that among is cleared, so that it furnishes a fine area for the favorite game of lacrosse. It does one's heart bers. To the little chaps the cucumbers were good to stand at the side of the field and to most attractive. One might see a toddler! in dewatch the expert Indian players, but it would fiance of all civilized experience with stomachdo his legs and arms anything but good to imi- ache, contentedly nibbling at a vegetable almost tate their sinuous dexterity. How they man- as long as his arm. The children really seemed to whirl it about their heads as safely as if it young one would have got out of a stick of candy, were at the bottom of a bushel busket is a or a black pickaninny out of a segment of watererings of the Nation. As the case stands, they

kown, the Great League, than as a Long House in which the tribes lived together like brethren, each performing its allotted portion of the con House has been obsolete for many years. Now the visitor, as he ascends the southern slope of the



iddle of the southern side, instead of at one end. The door is flanked by two square windows, which, it is soon dis- Hadwennine, known to the whites more familiarly any kind. Within the house a narrow, raised platform, with a bench to sit upon, built as part of the structure, extends all around the beeple. She told herself that she "thought Ezra 'd be down."

Hor mother came to the door, then waddled over the beach to tell Ezra "he'd better spend the day with them."

Cone became more composed, but his face was set in its severest lines.

"You ain't in very good business, courting girls," he said contemptuously to the man before him. "I s'pose these folks den't know you."

Cone looked at Lucy and her mother, and then went on:

"Hor mother came to the door, then waddled walls, with just room enough for the door to open at a right angle. In front of this solid bench there were movable ones placed end to end around the room to accommodate the people who could not all find places against the wall. Nobedy, observing this arrangement, would need to be told that in one point at least the Indians had maintained the habits of their fore. need to be told that in one point at least the Indians had maintained the habits of their forefathers in seating themselves gravely around the council fire. The central hearth was, indeed, missing, but the customs it created were still preserved. As the people entered they separated at the door, the women occupying one end of the house and the men the other.

Indians are rarely in a hurry. So the Green

and the later Thanksgiving for the Harvest, it is said, continues for several days. What seems curious is that Sunday, the day sacred among Christians, should be the one usually chosen by the pagans also for religious services. The fact shows the gradual, almost imperceptible progress of customs quite foreign to the original yielded to the practice of setting apart the first day of the week as somewhat different from the other six. Custom is the basis of dectrine Sooner or later he will consciously accept the Christian reason for doing what he now does without a thought of its purport. Fierce controversy over matters of faith is unknown to him. an unconscious compromise between the old forest religion and the Christianity of their neighbors. Hawenniyo, the All-Ruler, the Great Spirit whom they now celebrate in long orations and invokwho worshipped, perhaps without manufactured Taronhiawagon. It is easy to see how two divini ties that were merely names for contrasted aspects thought and how the worship of the visible heavens might be transferred to an invisible deity. At least these changes were readily accepted by the Iroquois Nations. So far as one could judge from their speeches, the Onendagus betray no reminiscence of the old varied nature worship. How philosophical the Indian can be many years ago by a daring act of Chief George H. M. Johnson (Jeyunghehkwang), by which he rebuked the conduct of the Delawares. A remleague and to the privileges of the Reserve. But they kept up practices unknown among the other nations, and in particular were addicted to the of their ceremonies on one occasion Mr. Johnson suddenly appeared among them and after an impassioned address demanded leave to strike down the image. Silence reigned throughout the circle of worshippers. Perhaps the Delawares thought that the god ought to protect himself, perhaps they dreaded the animosity of other tribes; but without waiting for a formal reply, the bold iconoclast seized an axe and split the statue with a single blow. The face, which is among the relies of Indian life treasured by the widow of Mr. Johnson, is, like the masks still used by some Indians, a grotesque imitation of human features.

bation. Mr. Johnson might have been killed on the instant. But it did not take long for the Delawares to reason that a god who could be beaten down in such fachion was hardly worth fighting for. This appears to have been the only idol ever worshipped on the Reserve.

Long House on the day of the Green Corn Festival was the appearance of the stove at the end of the room where the women were grouped. While the stove among the men stood up on its four legs kets heaped up with boiled corn and raw cucummelon. Beside the stove stood a large kettle covered with a lid. It contained soup which had side the house. There seemed to one who looked fying ceremonies of the Green Corn Festival, and began the feast by putting out the fires of the old year and starting a new one from which all the family hearths were replenished. Some of the new corn was burned in this sacred fire apparently by way of sacrifice. If any such ceremony were ever known to the Iroquois, the only relics of it now were the appointment of a particular woman to attend to the cooking of the soup, and simple act of looking over the new corn; which was described as inspection, and was certainly considered indispensable.

In respect for a sacred place, the Onondagas showed very different notions from those to which white people are accustomed. Smoking was not forbidden and hats were worn. But the practice was not uniform as it would be in a Jewish synagogue or a meeting of Friends where all the men kept their heads covered. One could here doff his hat or put it on as he chose. When an orator rose to speak, he did so with unsovered head. There was evidently no irreverence in this want of regularity because within doors the assemblage was silent and decorous. But the people; especially the young folks, came and went, and any time when one looked outside ne saw groups seated under the trees, or busy at some athletic game. In fact, the younger generation did not appear to take the religious business of the day over-seriously. It was a holiday for them and little more. After awhile it was observed that the busiest lacrosse players were also the musicians of the occasion. They came in to play when the dances had to be performed and escaped to the ball field when orations were in order. But nothing could surpass the gravity of the older people. One recalled involuntarily remark of Father Hennepin: Les Senateurs de Venise n'ont pas une conte-

draw the more sedate and important as Chief Wage, the Cayuga leader, appeared in The ends of the house have no openings of the doorway he paused for an instant and then



(From a photograph by Park, Brantford.) two shook hands in the most undemonstrative way imaginable. All day long Hadwennine kept the same stolid, imperturbable look under his wide-brimmed, soft black hat. Skanawati was only less stern. Once his face relaxed into a smile at the remarks of a tervid orator beside him. The women were, if anything, more reverent and more attentive to the business of the day than the men. Many of the older women were dressed in the traditional costume, with cloth trousers that reached down to their heels, embroidered or braided at the bottom and up the outer fold, and short gowns that extended halfway below the knee. A few of the young warriors extemporized a dress for the first dance in which a feather headdress and bands of jugiling sleighbeils around the calf of the leg were the most picturesque features, but there was only one buckiskin costume in the house. The young men evidently had little taste for imitating the fashions of their ancestors. They donned their ordinary clothing as soon as possible. It would doubtless be difficult to get up a dance now on the Reserve where any great number of people were decked out in the finery of ancient times. For one thing, the cost would be almost prohibitory. The skins that were once accessible to every hunter can now be reached only with a long purse. But more potent still is the fact that the inhabitants of the Reserve have become accustomed to the dress of civilization, and begin to feel just as white people do that anything man of thirty years perhaps, the son of Chief George laborage, and, it is said, it affects over several entropy of civilization, and request of civilization with the mean and the counted half when the leader were deviced to the free step of the with the counted half way he how the main of the reached help were decked out in the finery of ancient times. For one thing, the cost would be almost prohibitory. The skins that were once accessible to every hunter can now be reached only with a long purse. But more potent still is the fact that the inhabitants of the Reserve have become accustomed to the dress of civilization, and begin to feel just as white people do that anything man of thirty years perhaps, the some time, the counter for the main of the counter of the mean and the carriers and the counter of civilization, and b him. The women were, if anything, more reverman of thirty years perhaps, the son of Chief George Johnson, and grandson of the famous traditionist, John Smoke Johnson (Sakayungkwarto), recalled, as one of the most startling incidents of his childhood, the sight of a group of medicine men engaged in their incantations. The scene the neighborhood of Skanawati's eabin, and doubtless the old man was himself one of the party. First the boy heard a chant stranger than

any he had ever heard, though familiar enough with the music of his people. Then from a thicket burst forth a little mob of men in hideous masks, tricked out with everything to make them terrifying to the imagination. As they ran along in single file toward the cabin, the wife of Skanawati came out and began beating the doorstep with a stick. The masked men ran into the house, and after some mysterious ceremonies disappeared as they bad come. Though the medicine man is still potent, it would doubtless be some mysterious epidemic or by some calamited by like a prolonged drouth that destroyed the crops of a whole season.

Another incident of long ago, the like of which could never occur under present conditions.

Another incident of long ago, the fixe of white could never occur under present conditions, lends tragic interest to a spot in Chiefswood, the estate on the shore of Grand River left by George John-son to his family. When it became known throughout the Reserve that Johnson had bought throughout the Reserve that Johrson had bought the property, he was visited by a man then about ninety-five years of age, who declared that he had killed a man in a cabin the ruins of which still stood on the land. Under the old Indian law, as the man explained, his deed was justifiable. His brother had been nurdered, and he had traced the slayer to this cabin. He then armed himself, not knowing but that he might meet with resistance, went to the cabin, sethis rifle down at the door, where he could reach it easily, and entered. He found the murderer sitting astride of a bench in the middle of the room. Apparently the visit was expected.

"You lent my brother a knife," was the sententious but picturesque remark of the newcomer.

tentious but picturesque remark of the newcomer.

"Yes," was the still more sententious reply.

"Well, I have come to give it back."

According to the old man's story, he pressed the
murderer backward upon the bench and stabbed
him to the heart. Leaving the body where it
lay, and remembering the inviolable Indian custom that the weapon with which blood revenge
has been wrought must never be used again, he
carried his bloody hunting-knife away and thrust
it into the ground, point downward, between the
roots of a tree. Johnson accompanied him to
the spot, and, with a little digging, unearthed
a rusty knife, which the old man insisted was
the one he had buried seventy-three years before. It is said that no murder has occurred on
the Reserve for at least ten years, though within fore. It is said that no murder has occurred on the Reserve for at least ten years, though within that time some Indians were concerned with two or three white ruffians in a robbery which led to homicide, just over the border; but it is almost certain that if one were committed, the old ceremony of blood revenge would be the last thing thought of.

that time some Indians were concerned with two or three white ruffians in a robbery which led to homicide, just over the border; but it is almost certain that if ore were committed, the old ceremony of blood revenge would be the last thing thought of.

While undercoing these modifications in habits of thought and in matters of outward appearance, the Indians, who cling to what they foundly call the eld religion, have retained intact the two most important features of their ancient ritual—the music and the dance. They have had no civilized training in either of these respects. The more or less frequent use of English has doubtless modified their utterance, but it has left them still the barburie power of sinning intervals that are wellnigh impossible to one trained by what is called the diatonic scale. Nobody could mistake their dancing for that of civilization. It was astonishing how much grace an active young fellow could put into movements every step of which was made by raising the foot and setting it down flat upon the floor. There-was almost no flexure of the ankle; the bending was all at the knees and the hips. For difficulty, it was almost infectance of the ankle; the bending was all at the knees and the hips. For difficulty, it was almost no flexure of the ankle; the bending was all at the knees and the hips. For difficulty, it was almost into dake all the thumps. Vet in the first dance, which was led by the warriors, many of the movements were highly interesting. All the dancing and the music as well were marked by the mist accurate rhythm. The women, in dancing, used the alternating heel and to movement, so common among so-called uncivilized peoples, which Fewkes noticed as characteristic of the Zuni women in performing what he calls the dance of the klar-hey-wer. In this way they attained the same smooth, undulatory moting they attained the same smooth, undulatory moting they attained the same smooth, undulatory moting they attained the was called to the proposal and transcription many times before.

THAT HELPFUL TYPEWRITER. From The Detroit Tribune,
The man of manifestly fine sensibilities and literary

From The Detroit Tribune.

The man of manifestly fine sensibilities and literary east of countenance had just procured a typewriter. He looked upon the machine as a commendable device tending to leave the intellect less trammelled by the task of giving expression to its thoughts.

The man of fine sensibilities conceived a great idea.

"And now," he murmured, exultingly, "away with the old-time drudgery of writing!"

His hand was poised above the key board and his glance wandered eagerly to and fro.

"Man is doomed to perpetual—"

A shade of exaction swept across his face.

"Man, man, m. m—I wonder where the m is—oh, yes, ma, a, a—where is the—right here—man is doomed—"

He head written the first word and his eyes betrayed.

Only a cursory glance was necessary to confirm his suspicions.
"Wrote an h for an n—dern it."
He seemed to be very desirous of expressing a fe hot and glowing sentiments, but forebore with an efforman is doomed—"

He was getting more paper. n is documed—
comparatively little difficulty he had reduced
rds to writing.
h. b. documed—
"

the words to writing.

"Man is deemed..."

A look of settled despair invested his features.

"I've forgotten to what in ... man is doomed."

Then he of the manifestly fine sensibilities called to his side the jonitor, with whom he had long been on had terms, and made him a present of the typewriter.

SOME DRIWRICKS TO THE NEW LETTER-BOX. From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

No official notice has been received yet by Post-master Field to put up letter boxes for the delivery as well as the collection of mail. The order was its sued vesterday by Postmaster General Wanamaker, and deputizes the postmasters in free delivery cries, towns and rural communities to put them up at the request of citizens, and, it is said, it affects over 3,000,000 residences to which the free delivery service extends.

When the idel fell there were signs of disappro-Had she really been going to marry Ezra Cone? Somehow it seemed to her as if she had been at